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ERNEST AND MADELINE,

—AND—

OTHER POEMS.

—BY—

GEORGE A. BROWN.

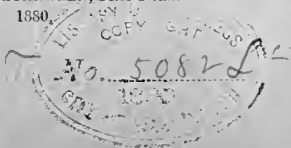
*I care not for the idle state
Of Persia's king, the good, the great;
I envy not the monarch's throne,
Nor wish the treasured gold my own.*

—Moore.

HUDSON, MICH :

SCARRITT & STEUERWALD, PRINTERS.

1880



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TO
DR. CHARLES LUTES,
IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF NEARLY TWENTY
YEARS' MUTUAL ACQUAINTANCE AND FRIENDSHIP,
THIS VOLUME
IS INSCRIBED,
WITH THE SINCEREST FEELINGS OF AFFECTION
AND RESPECT,
BY
GEORGE A. BROWN.

In casting this little waif on the rough sea of public opinion, it may seem cruel to some; but, having somewhere read that the Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, I make the venture. That the Public will, while pointing out its errors, be willing to give it credit for whatever merit it may possess, is the sincere wish of

THE AUTHOR.

ERNEST AND MADELINE.



MAIDEN lived in mountain dell,

And she was very fair ;

She sat beneath a wood-bine shade,

And pensive was her air.

A little brook went rippling by,

Down on its rocky bed ;

And as I listened to her tale,

What do you think she said ?

Give ear awhile and I will tell,
In her own chosen words,
Which fell upon my list'ning ear
Like sweetest songs of birds.

She said, "My love has gone to sea,
Far o'er the ocean wide ;
But ere he left he promised me
That I should be his bride.

"He said he'd go to foreign lands
And win a noble name ;
That wealth and honor should be his,
And all should own his fame.

“His sword he buckled to his side,
A helmet graced his head,
And when he left me thus forlorn,
A parting tear he shed ;

“Then stepped upon the noble ship
That bore him o’er the sea,
But many moons shall wax and wane,
Ere he returns to me.

“Many and bitter were the tears
That from my eyes I shed ;
But time gave comfort to my heart,
As time flew o’er my head.

“Each morn and eve I knelt and prayed
That he would quickly come—
My own, my far-off wanderer—
Would seek his early home.

“But days and weeks and months passed by,
And still no tidings came ;
And oft I wondered if his heart
For me beat still the same.

“I sat and pondered o’er his words,
Which spake of faithful love ;
And wandered by this purling stream,
In yonder silent grove ;

“And vowed no other man than he
Should ever claim my hand,
Though he possessed a mint of gold,
And gained a world’s command.

“At last sad tidings came to me,
That on a bloody plain,
Where friends and foes lay side by side,
He fell among the slain.

“Ah! me, my heart was heavy then,
My star of hope then set;
A heavy gloom sank o’er my soul,
Which clouds my vision yet.

“Whether he’s dead and lost to me,
Or maimed and wounded lies
Within some dark, damp prison cell,
With none to hear his cries,

“I’ve never learned. ’Tis all I heard :
‘He fell among the slain’—
Ah ! many fell on that sad day,
Never to rise again.”

She ceased ; her gentle heart, so wrung,
Seemed bursting from her breast,
And scalding tears streamed from her eyes—
Flowed down her silken vest.

I could not bear to see her grief ;
I knew not what to say ;
So turning, left the weeping maid,
And slowly walked away.

To that red field now let us go,
Where Ernest, bleeding, lay,
The warm blood welling from each wound
Ebbing his life away.

Rough hands had raised the hero up,
And borne him from the field ;
His heart so bold, his arm so strong,
Must to the foeman yield.

They bore him to a prison dark,
And forced him in a cell,
With none to comfort, none to cheer,
Nor of his sufferings tell.

Fair Madeline, his captor's child,
Ere set the sun that day,
Was moved to pity his distress,
And sought him where he lay.

His cheeks were pale, his blood flowed fast,
For ghastly was each wound ;
But o'er his forehead, once so fair,
Her silken scarf she bound.

She brought some water from a spring,
To cool his fev'rish brain ;
She smoothed his pillow, fanned his brow,
And charmed away his pain.

She sat beside his weary couch,
With anxious, tender care ;
She ministered to all his wants,
Nor thought it hard to bear.

At early morn, at set of sun,
Her vigils still she kept,
Smiling to meet his waking glance,
Watching when e'er he slept.

What was it brought her to his side?

What chained her to the spot?

What was it held the maiden there?

Ye wise ones, tell me what.

It was the self-same power which brought

Eve unto Adam's side;

She felt that he was all to her,

Her joy, her hope, her pride.

He was to her the one bright star,

Her star of hope and love;

In him was centered all her joys,

None else her heart could move.

If thoughts of home, or native land,
E'er caused him one regret,
She strove by every gentle art
To cause him to forget.

She'd gaze into his dark-blue eyes
As if her soul would read
His every wish, his every thought,
And scan his every deed.

At length, when time his wounds had healed,
And health and strength restored,
They'd wander forth at evening hours,
Or join the festive board.

But where was Julia all this while,
The maid he left at home
When he assumed the soldier's garb,
In distant lands to roam?

Did she prove faithful to her vows?

Or did she soon forget?

O, fickle woman! false, though fair!

Was one e'er faithful yet?

When first he sailed her grief was wild,

Her tears fell fast as rain;

Waking she sighed, and sighing slept,

Then waking, sighed again.

But time moved on and summer waned,
And autumn passed away ;
And winter, with his frosts and snows,
Was melting day by day ;

When from the East a gentle youth,
With graceful form, and fair,
Came to her father's humble cot,
And asked his board to share.

Old Allen took him by the hand,
And bade him enter in,
For sure, thought he, a youth so fair,
Is free from guilt or sin.

He gave him shelter from the cold,
A bed whereon to lay—
With food to eat and wine to drink
They passed the time away.

The old man told him of his youth,
How he had sought the wild,
And there, within his cottage rude,
Had reared his only child.

He told him how his bosom friend,
His darling, dark-eyed bride,
Had giv'n this only child to him,
Then slowly drooped and died.

And Edwin told his generous host,
How he, the child of wealth,
Was robbed of all his worldly goods,
Of all save youth and health.

Young Julia listened to his tale,
And pity moved her breast ;
She felt for him a kindling flame—
Kind reader, guess the rest.

But who can blame her, fair young girl,
She had a human heart,
And so when Cupid gave the wound,
She hugged the fatal dart.

'Tis true, her thoughts at first would stray
Far o'er the stormy main,
Where Ernest lay a captive bound,
Wearing a galling chain.

But soon she felt less grief for him ;
For Edwin felt more love,
While he to win the artless maid
With all his efforts strove.

At length when spring in robes of green,
Had clothed each shrub and tree,
And birds sang forth from every bush
Their notes so wild and free ;

And violets sprang from every bank ;
And wild flowers, rich and rare,
Sent forth their fragrance unto all,
Upon the balmy air ;

'Twas then that Edwin told his love,
Beneath a moon-lit bower,
While sitting by fair Julia's side,
In that bewitching hour.

With arm around her slender waist,
He asked if they should part ;
Then touched with his her coral lips,
And pressed her to his heart.

He spake in such impassioned tones,
And told his tale of love,
How he would shield her from all harm,
And always constant prove ;

That she, the simple, guileless maid,
In trembling voice replied,
“ I will be all in all to you,
And I will be your bride.”

And then her cheeks grew ashy pale ;
A voice from out the past
Whispered to her of broken vows,
And shadows o'er her cast.

But Edwin charmed away her fears,
And caused her to forget
The troth she'd plighted unto one
Who loved his Julia yet.

For Ernest, 'though in foreign climes,
And loved by one so fair,
Had never felt for Madeline
A lover's tender care.

Thus passed the hours from day to day,
Till summer months came on,
When Julia woke, oh! hapless maid,
To find young Edwin gone.

Fortune had changed and he was great,
His wealth was all restored,
And he, the friendless youth, became
A rich and noble lord.

Ambition now was all his aim ;
He sought to gain command ;
He sought for gold, and with the gold
A high-born damsel's hand.

The lovely Julia was forgot,
And roughly cast aside ;
But oh ! her wrongs they slumbered not,
But loud for vengeance cried.

Old Allen bowed his head in grief
To see his darling child ;
She who had never looked on him
Except she looked and smiled.

But blasted were his earthly hopes,
And keen remorse and shame
Were her's to bear, God pity her,
She's not alone to blame.

When autumn came and passed away,
And wintry winds blew wild,
A mother lay upon a bier
Beside her new-born child.

And it was Julia, but how pale,
How changed was that fair brow,
Since first we saw her in her bower,
For death had claimed her now.

She died—her infant too was dead,
And Allen's left alone—
One grave now holds the dust of both ;
Above their grave one stone.

Did Edwin weep at their sad fate?
Did he one tear-drop shed
Upon the grave where Julia sleeps,
Where rests her youthful head?

No, hardened was his perjured heart ;
No tender feelings rose ;
He had no pity in his soul,
No care for others' woes.

Ambition and the love for gold
Had changed his heart to stone ;
Truth, love and pity, all had fled,
And left him one by one.

To Ernest now we will return,
A captive still was he ;
But Madeline besought her sire
To set his prisoner free.

Kneeling, she asked the haughty chief

His prisoner's life to spare—

“Restore him to his friends again,

Oh! grant my earnest prayer.”

She plead his youth, his manly grace,

His courage, too, in arms—

“Grant him a pardon, sire,” she said,

“Oh! spare his youthful charms.”

Stern warrior though her father was,

His daughter's tears prevailed;

He could not bear to see her weep,

Her pleadings never failed.

He called for Ernest, gave him gold,
Restored his trusty blade ;
“Go forth, brave youth, you now are free,”
The stern, proud monarch said.

He bowed his thanks, reached forth and took
The monarch's proffered hand ;
“Your grace obtained, oh sovereign liege,
I seek my native land.”

But ere he went he sought the maid,
Who's love had set him free,
And kneeling, took her hand in his—
“God bless you now,” said he.

“And when I’m gone, where’er I go,
My prayers to God shall rise,
To grant you peace and endless joy,
Such joy as never dies.”

She dropped her head upon his arms,
Her scalding tears to hide,
“And must you leave us, now?” said she,
He answered not, but sighed.

And thus they parted, he to sail
For his once happy home,
And she to weep and pray for him
Through days and years to come.

Her love for him, like gold refined,
Was pure as e'er was given ;
To her he was the guiding star
That marked her way to heaven.

She worship'd at no other shrine,
Save at the shrine above ;
To him she gave her trusting heart,
With all its wealth of love.

And yet she dared not tell her love,
Because she knew his heart
Beat not for her, but beat for one
For whom with her he'd part.

Oh ! fair young creature, dry those eyes,
And bear awhile thy pain ;
Though Ernest now has left thy side,
He may return again.

They neither knew of Julia's fate ;
No word to them had come,
And Ernest thought her faithful yet
In her own far-off home.

To him, in fancy's dream, she still
Was pure as dews of even ;
A goddess, clothed in robes of light,
To whom all grace was given.

But oh ! fond youth, prepare thy heart

The bitter truth to bear ;

Others have fallen, pure as she,

Within the tempter's snare.

And you, fair women, you whose names

Shine bright on virtue's shield,

Why will you crush the sinful one ?

Are all your bosoms steeled ?

Perchance if you were placed, like her,

Where tempting snares were set,

You, too, had fallen. Oh, beware !

Forgive and then forget.

Return we now to Ernest's fate :

High on rough billows' tossed,
The raging sea is lashed to foam,
All hope of succor lost.

The ship is sinking ; all her sails
Are torn and scattered wide,
The waves are breaking o'er her decks,
No helm is left to guide.

When lo ! another sail appears
Far off upon the sea ;
She sees their danger and distress,
And strives to set them free.

Yet still the storm kept raging on,
The winds a tempest blew,
The angry waves were lashed to foam,
And fated was the crew.

The ship went laboring through the waves,
It neared a coral reef,
It struck and parted, reft in twain—
All hearts were filled with grief.

The cruel waves receive them now,
They sink, nor rise again,
Except some few, who seize a spar,
And hold with all their main.

They struggle nobly for their lives—

The shore is near at hand—

But, one by one, are washed away

Before they reach the strand.

Yet two are left ; as on they're borne,

Beneath the tempest's roar,

Till one huge wave now lifts them up

And hurls them on the shore.

Half drowned, exhausted, bruised and sore,

Unconscious there they lay,

Until the storm had spent its force,

And slowly passed away.

The stranger ship now neared the land,
And sent a boat on shore,
With blankets, wines and cordials,
The suff'ers to restore.

They looked around some cot to find,
But there was none at hand,
No shelt'ring cliff, no shady grove,
Naught but a desert land.

It was a bare and sandy plain,
Scarce rising from the sea,
No flowers blooming o'er its waste,
No shrub, nor bush, nor tree.

Thus placed, no longer could they stay,
But quick their charge conveyed
On board their boat, then seized their oars,
Nor longer there delayed.

The boat now headed toward the ship,
Each sailor plied his oar,
And soon on board their own good craft
Their helpless load they bore.

Then placed them in the surgeon's hands,
And he, with skill most rare,
Administered to all their wants
With zealous, tender care.

At length one drew a feeble breath
And slowly op'ed his eyes;
No sound escaped his manly lips,
He gazed in mute surprise.

The other longer lay; at last,
When hope was growing dim,
His chest is slowly seen to heave—
Life still is left in him.

Thus snatched from death, and nursed with
care,
Their health was soon restored,
The captain claimed them as his guests,
And shared with them his board.

Beside, his ship was bound to sail
Unto the self-same land
As was the one so lately wrecked
Upon the coral strand.

But who were they, thus saved from death?
Snatched from a wat'ry grave,
While others sank to rise no more,
From 'neath the ocean's wave?

The first is Ernest, he who seeks
His early childhood home,
Thinking that she he loved is there,
Sighing for him to come.

He sees her as he saw her when,
In all her maiden pride,
She blushed to own her love for him,
And pledged to be his bride.

But she proved false ; another wooed
And won her heart from him ;
But now she's dead, the soft winds sigh
Her low, sad requiem.

The other, shall I tell his name ?
'Twere better far he'd died—
Tis Edwin, he who won the maid,
Then cast her love aside.

Seared was his conscience; for a while

His wealth and fame were great ;

Thousands obeyed his stern commands ;

His talents ruled the state.

But fickle fortune turned again,

His ships were lost at sea,

The flames consumed his hoarded wealth,

And penniless was he.

The friends who smiled and flattered him

While fortune lured him on,

All left him in his sore distress,

Now that his wealth was gone.

His title wrested from his grasp,
His honors snatched away,
Despised, rejected, spurned by all,
He shunned the light of day.

Forsaken, friendless, reft of power,
No place to call a home,
He wandered o'er the face of earth,
An exile doomed to roam.

Now cast by fate upon the ship,
Where Ernest too, was thrown,
They met, each saw the other there,
Still each remained alone.

For Ernest, filled with love's young dream,
Was happy, blithe and gay ;
While Edwin, conscious of his guilt,
Alone would frowning stay.

'Twas thus they journeyed o'er the sea,
Touching at sunny isles,
Where maids with sweetest voices sang,
And greeted them with smiles ;

Till they espied that well-known shore,
By Ernest loved so well,
For there in childhood's happy hours,
In joy he used to dwell.

The shore was neared, the anchors cast,
And quick the boats conveyed
The eager crowd unto the land—
No one but Edwin stayed.

He, frowning, stood upon the deck,
He had no kin to meet,
No one to welcome him to home,
No friends with smiles to greet.

But when the sun had sunk to rest,
And dusk to darkness grown,
A sailor rowed him to the beach,
And landed him alone.

He strode away, with hasty steps,
As though he'd shrink from sight,
And soon his fading form was lost
In darkness of the night.

But Ernest, filled with hope and love,
First sought the sylvan dell
Where Julia, in her innocence,
With Allen used to dwell.

He hastened on with eager steps,
The cottage now he neared,
But rank grass filled the garden walks,
No signs of life appeared.

He stood amazed, then looking 'round,
To clear the mist away,
He saw the stone that marked the spot
Where Julia's ashes lay.

"O, God!" he cried, "and can it be
That Julia sleeps below
This marble slab? Alas! Alas!
How can I bear this woe?"

He sank upon his knees and prayed,
With eyes upturned to heaven:
"O God of mercy! give me strength;
My heart with grief is riven."

He bowed his head and kissed the turf
That o'er her coffin lay—
“My God ! My God !” he wildly shrieked,
And falling, swooned away.

Old Allen heard that piercing shriek,
While sitting in his cot,
And looking out, saw Ernest there,
And hastened to the spot ;

Raised up his head and called for help,
Which help did soon appear—
Took Ernest in their willing arms
And carried him with care,

And laid him on old Allen's bed,
Where he unconscious lay,
Until the sun had sank to rest
On that eventful day.

At length he breathed and op'ed his eyes,
And seeing Allen there,
Asked of him for the missing one
That once his cot did share.

The old man answered : "She has fled,
Her earthly bonds are riven ;
She dwells in paradise above,
Her home is now in heaven."

He then rehearsed the fatal tale,
How Edwin came that way
And lured her from the paths of right,
And taught her heart to stray.

He told him of the artful snares
The perjured villain tried ;
And how she bore a child to him,
Then with her child had died.

As Ernest listened to the tale,
Fierce vengeance fired his eye ;
“By all my hopes of Heaven,” he cried,
“That perjured wretch shall die.

‘He shall not hide on this wide earth,
In desert, glen, or mart,
But I will search and find him there,
And pierce him to his heart.’

He threw himself upon a couch,
To pass a sleepless night ;
But rose again as morn disclosed
The first gray streaks of light.

And ere the old man rose that morn
From off his peaceful bed,
Ernest had left, unknown to all—
No farewell words were said.

He searched for Edwin first in crowds
Where pleasure ruled the hour,
Then searched through crowded streets,
where gold
Was felt to be the power.

He searched through cities, towns and halls,
Where youth and beauty shines ;
O'er Afric's burning sands he sought,
Through India's golden mines.

Through Ceylon's spicy isle he searched,
Through China's flowery clime,
Through Moslem's courts, o'er Arab plains,
So famed in ancient times.

At length, when passing by a den
Of infamy and shame,
He heard a voice within pronounce
The perjured villain's name.

He stepped within, and there beheld,
Midst song and revelry,
The one who shared his fate when wrecked
Upon the stormy sea.

And thus accosting him, he said,
“Base wretch, your doom is nigh ;
Your guilty race is well-nigh run,
For by my arm you die.

“Villain ! behold one you have wronged—

Your other victims died—

Julia was mine, my life, my all,

And was to be my bride.

“Now, coward ! dastard ! ye who slew

My darling ; draw ! defend !

Your worthless life shall shortly cease,

Or mine shall have an end.”

Their swords leaped forth and flashed on
high,

Propelled by vengeance, one ;

The other in a traitor’s hand,

That vengeance charged to shun.

Blow followed blow, till Edwin's blade
Pierced Ernest in his side,
And to his feet, with crimson flow,
Coursed down the gory tide.

Ernest, none daunted by his wound—
Although he felt the smart—
Parried a blow by Edwin given,
Then aimed one at his heart.

The blow descending struck his breast,
But o'er his heart so steeled
A little book lay in his vest,
Which served him for a shield.

The book was cloven quite in twain,
The vest was cut apart ;
But still they warded off the blow
And saved his guilty heart.

Ernest, collecting all his strength,
Then struck his foe again ;
The blow, descending on his head,
Clove through his skull and brain.

His sword fell harmless to the ground,
He sank a lifeless load,
His spirit winged its flight, to stand
In presence of its God.

And thus were Julia's wrongs avenged,
He who her love betrayed
Now lay a mangled, bleeding corse,
His earthly course was stayed.

Ernest now left the bloody scene,
Yet knew not where to go ;
The earth seemed one vast wilderness,
And heavy was his woe.

His vengeance slaked, no end in view,
All hope to him seemed gone ;
He cared for naught, but wand'ring went,
Wherever chance led on.

But how fares lovely Madeline
Since Ernest left her side ?
She was a monarch's only child,
His joy, his hope, and pride.

She glides along through marble halls,
Not sad, nor over gay ;
And noble lords, who seek her hand,
Are gently turned away.

Her father, anxious for his child,
As years crept o'er his head,
Would gladly see some noble youth
To his fair daughter wed.

Yet prince, nor duke, nor lord, nor king,
Can win the maiden's love ;
To Ernest she is faithful still,
And constant as a dove.

When love like her's once warms the heart,
It never can grow chill ;
Though the loved object is not seen,
The heart clings to it still.

But when she heard of Ernest's wrongs,
And heard how Julia died ;
Heard how false Edwin, too, was slain,
She strove her tears to hide.

She wept in silence o'er their fate,
None knew her secret grief;
There was but one could calm her mind,
But one could give relief.

That one so loved, where was he then?
What land, what clime, what sea
Hid from her sight that cherished one?
Where could the wand'rer be?

O Love! thou art a mystery,
Unfathomed, strange and wild;
Thy powers subdue the stubborn heart,
And make it soft and mild.

What wonder then that thou should'st hold
Such power o'er maiden's heart,
Which time, nor distance, can efface,
Nor anguish rend apart.

But, as the sun his radiance sheds
O'er valley, plain and hill,
So love, o'erlooking every fault,
Shines on its object still.

So Madeline, with youth's bright hopes,
Looked for the fates to guide
Her loved one to her arms again,
And place him by her side.

She saw his form in all her dreams,
And heard, through fancy's ears,
His thrilling tones, which filled her eyes
With joyful, happy tears.

And in her waking hours she saw,
With more than mortal ken,
Bright visions, floating through the air ;
Her soul was happy then.

Thus months passed by, years rolled away,
And Ernest's grief grew mild ;
He longed to see the home again,
That reared him when a child.

He crossed the ocean's briny waves,
And safely gained the shore
Of that loved land, his childhood's home,
By mountains shadowed o'er;

Then mounted steed, and took his course
O'er valley, hill and plain;
A thousand weary miles to trace
Ere he that home can gain.

But then the journey had its charms,
For nature's hand had strewn
Her beauties o'er the verdant fields,
And fruits and flowers grown.

Such as he wished he culled and plucked,
To cheer the passing hours,
Slaking his thirst at cooling springs,
Resting in shady bowers.

When thrice seven days he'd journeyed
thus,
He saw the far-off hills
Which towered aloft o'er Allen's cot,
Whence sprang the mountain rills.

And as he neared the lovely vale,
That 'twixt the mountains lay,
He saw the smoke from Allen's cot,
By zephyrs borne away.

And just within the wicket gate,
He saw the old man stand,
And springing from his panting steed,
He grasped him by the hand.

Each looked into the other's eyes,
Both were too full to speak;
At length a tear was seen to steal
Down Allen's withered cheek.

Ernest spoke first: "My friend," said he,
"I now return again;
Julia's avenged, Edwin I met,
And with my blade have slain.

“Since then I’ve wandered far and wide,
My troubled mind to ease,
Seeking new scenes, in other climes,
Far, far beyond the seas.

“I’ve traveled over Russia’s wastes,
And over Greenland’s snow ;
Through Egypt’s fertile fields and meads ;
Where Nile’s proud waters flow.

“I’ve climbed the Andes’ rugged sides,
I’ve heard Niagara roar,
I’ve seen Mount Hecla’s lava spread
O’er Iceland’s frozen shore.

“O'er India's coral strands I've roamed,
Through Erin's emerald isles,
Through Gallia's flowery fields and groves,
Where nature always smiles.

“All these I've seen, all these I've known,
Their dangers I have passed ;
And now, within this lovely vale,
Again my lot is cast.”

The old man listened to his tale,
Then taking Ernest's hand,
Bade him a welcome, once again,
Unto his native land.

Weary with toil and dangers past,
Ernest sought rest awhile
Within this quiet, lovely vale,
Of all his cares beguiled.

And then to Allen he rehearsed,
While summer passed away,
The scenes he saw in foreign lands,
And noted day by day.

But these warm friends must shortly part,
For Allen's eyes grow dim ;
His once firm step has feeble grown,
His strength is failing him.

His lengthened race is almost run,
Full fourscore years have fled,
And four score winters winged their flight
O'er Allen's aged head.

And when the first wild flowers of spring
Bloomed o'er the valleys wide,
They bore him to his final rest—
He sleeps by Julia's side.

Ernest awhile mourned for his friend,
Then left that humble cot ;
To him all ties were sundered wide,
That bound him to the spot.

And mounting on his faithful steed,
He sighed a last farewell ;
“I go,” said he, “from this bright vale,
In other climes to dwell.

“Forever faded are its charms,
That once my bosom thrilled;
A dreary gloom hangs o’er the place,
And all its joys are chilled.

“The mountain tops look bleak and bare,
The plains are draped in gloom,
This smiling vale to me looks sad,
For here is Julia’s tomb.

“My bosom friends are cold and dead,
The damp grave holds their forms ;
And would that I were sleeping, too,
Secure from all life’s storms.

“But fate some other course decrees ;
Italia’s skies are fair,
And I will tread her shores again,
And seek new pleasures there.”

Ere many months were with the past,
He gained that sunny clime,
And there, among her sylvan scenes,
He whiled away the time.

He wandered through her fertile fields,
By vineyards dotted o'er,
And viewed the Adriatic's waves
In ripples wash the shore.

He walked upon the Tiber's bank,
Where classic Rome doth stand,
In all her ruins unsurpassed,
Majestic, bold, and grand.

He sailed across Ionia's sea
And viewed the Grecian isles,
Where beauteous Helen won all hearts
With her bewitching smiles.

Yet still a void was in his heart,
None of these scenes could stay,
And memory whispered to his soul
Of friends far, far away.

And thoughts of Madeline arose,
Filling his inmost soul,
As waves of sunshine fill the air,
And tinge the clouds with gold.

He thought of all her youthful charms,
Thought how she set him free ;
Recalled again her silver tones,
Her stainless purity.

And thought if he again could love

A being short of heaven—

A creature formed of earthly dust,

And angel graces given—

That she must be that lovely one,

So spotless, pure and fair,

That were she 'mong the angels placed,

She'd shine the brightest there.

The more his thoughts dwelt on her charms,

The stronger his desires ;

His heart, first warmed with gratitude,

Began to feel love's fires.

He longed to see the gentle maid
Whose pity saved his life,
When he lay bleeding, bruised and sore,
On that grim field of strife.

His fancy pictured her in dreams,
Fairest of earthly mold,
With heart both loving, warm and true,
And pure as virgin gold.

He could not rest, he could not sleep,
Her form seemed in the air,
Beck'ning him onward to her side,
Her joys henceforth to share.

The pleasing phantom lured him on,
While he her form pursued,
Till evening shades called him to rest,
But morn his task renewed.

Sometimes he almost seemed to clasp
The vision to his breast ;
But still it floated, still his arms
Naught but a phantom pressed.

And thus the shadow he pursued,
Till he that land regained,
Where Harold, in his lordly halls,
In splendor, long had reigned.

He sought the monarch in those halls,
Where he, in robes of state,
Was owned the guardian of the realm,
By nobles wise and great.

When once within the palace walls,
A page his name conveyed
Unto the royal host, who said ;
“Let him not be delayed ;

“I knew him once in years long past,
Fearless and brave was he ;
I love to honor such,” he said,
“And honored he shall be.”

Then sent for Ernest, bade him come,
And in his presence stand ;
Rose up and greeted him with smiles,
And took him by the hand,

And led him to an honored seat,
Prepared for royal guests,
Gathered his nobles all around,
And thus the youth addressed :

“My noble friend, my halls are free,
With food and wine they’re stored ;
Servants shall wait at your command,
And you shall share my board.

‘My stalls are filled with choicest steeds.

My hounds are fleet and rare,

And wild deer roam through woodland
dells,

And o’er the mountains bare.

And when you tire of steed and hounds,

And of the wild brown deer,

Minstrels shall strike their sounding harps,

To charm your list’ning ear.”

Ernest bowed low, expressed his thanks,

Then said with modest air,

A boon I ask ; grant me, O king,

To see your daughter fair.

“Brave youth, the boon I freely give,
Your worth I long have known ;
Unto her side, my friend,” he said,
“By me you shall be shown.”

Surprise beamed forth on Ernest's face,
He had not thought to be
So honored by his royal host,
And made to feel so free.

Then, side by side, they moved along,
Passing through gorgeous halls,
Where golden lamps hung over head,
And silver lined the walls.

Where carpets of the costliest make
Were spread upon the floors,
And sofas lined with richest silks,—
Of sandal wood the doors ;

And laces of the finest kind
Were hung, the light to shade,
And chairs of polished ebony
And ivory were made.

They passed through these, until they came
Into a fairy room,
Where flowers bloomed, and incense shed
A rare and sweet perfume.

There, by a vase of choicest flowers,
A white rose in her hand,
Fairer than all the flowers around,
They saw the maiden stand.

Soon as she heard her father's step,
She turned, with sweetest smile,
And seeing Ernest at his side,
Stood speechless for awhile ;

Then rushed into his outstretched arms
With one wild shriek of joy,
Which showed a love both firm and pure,
Which time could not destroy.

Her father gazed—one look sufficed—

He read his daughter's heart ;

“Ernest,” he said, “whom God hath joined,

Nothing but death shall part.

“You’ve gained her heart, her hand I give,

My daughter you have won ;

I’ve nothing lost, she still is mine,

And henceforth you’re my son.”

O’ercome with joy—too full to speak—

He pressed her to his breast ;

At length, recovering voice, he cried :

“I am forever blest.

“Such love as this, so calm, so pure,
So gen’rous and so true,
Was made for angel hearts to share,
Above the ether blue.

“And should I ever cause those eyes
To shed one single tear,
I’ll make amends for all my faults,
And all your chidings bear.

“And this my future task shall be,
To shield you from all harm,
And make your life one endless joy,
Secure from all alarm,”

She raised her head from off his breast,

And thus she blushing cried :

“Ernest, my heart has long been yours,

And I will be your bride.

“I’ll cling to you while life shall last,

And constant will I be ;

My heart, my hand, my love, my life,

I give them all to thee.”

Now Ernest’s trials all are o’er,

He’s won a royal bride,

Who loves him for himself alone,

And clings to him with pride.

In mutual bliss their lives are spent,
In harmony they dwell ;
No discord mars their happy lot,
Each loves the other well.

And when, in after years, her sire
Had very aged grown,
He died and left them heirs to all
His fame, his wealth, and throne.



EVANGELINE.

I^N the silent glen they laid her,
 'Neath the spreading vine,
And a lowly grave they made her,—
 Sweet Evangeline.

Never more shall I behold her,
 Ne'er can she be mine ;
In the tomb her form will moulder,—
 Dear Evangeline.

Spring again will come to greet her,
 Zephyrs wave the pine ;
But we never more will meet her,—
 Lost Evangeline.

She was my light, my life, my all,
Yet I will not repine ;
I would not back to earth recall
My loved Evangeline.

LINES WRITTEN IN A YOUNG LADY'S
ALBUM.

Young and hopeful, happy maiden,
As your life glides by,
May each hour with joy be laden,
Joys which never die.
Shun the Siren's call from duty,
As your conscience warns ;
For, beneath the rose's beauty
There are cruel thorns.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

BEAUTIFUL snow has come again,

Beautiful snow !

Daughter of winter and sister of rain !

Beautiful snow !

Over the city your white flakes fell,

Over the halls where nobles dwell,

Onward still you go—

Clothing each gable and naked spot

Of the rich man's palace or poor man's cot.

Beautiful snow, so pearly white !

Beautiful snow, so cold and bright.

The fields and the fences are covered in
white,

Beautiful snow

Which fell on them all in the stillness of
night,

Beautiful snow !

Beautiful snow, thou wast born of a cloud,
Rocked by the tempest, while winds piped
loud,

Or moaned in cadence low—

But short will thy stay be ; when south
winds blow

Thou quickly wilt leave us, beautiful snow.

Beautiful snow, so pearly white !

Beautiful snow, so cold and bright.

To the blushing bride with a brow so fair,
Beautiful snow,

You're a royal mantle a queen might wear,
Beautiful snow ;

But wan despair, with her eyes so wild,
Proclaims you a foe to the beggar's child,
Child of want and woe—

And looks on you with a shivering limb,
As she would look on a specter grim.

Beautiful snow, with winged feet,
Beautiful snow, earth's winding sheet.

By the gay thou art welcomed with wild
delight,
Beautiful snow,

When bells are ringing and stars shine
bright,

And the moon sails proudly, and sheds her
light

Over the snow—

But by the unfortunate, wretched and poor,
When you frisk in through the cracks of
their door,

As though you meant to stay,
You're an ill-timed guest, and not wanted
there,

And though you may light on a rickety
chair,

And take to yourself a comical air,

They wish you'd go away.

Beautiful snow, so gently spread,

Over the graves of our cherished dead.

For under the snow, the beautiful snow,
 The forms of our loved ones lay ;
But we know in each spring, when the
 blue birds sing,
Making the groves with their melody ring,
 That the snow will melt away,
And the flowers come forth in their richest
 bloom,
Bedecking with beauty each lowly tomb,
 And smile in the light of day.
Beautiful snow, thy flakes have fell
O'er many hearts which have loved
 too well.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

I^N a valley strewn with daisies,
Dwelt a farmer's daughter fair ;
She was lovely, she was gentle,
And was welcomed everywhere.

Lithe her form, her ringlets golden,
Rosy cheeks and dark blue eyes,
Faultless limbs and perfect features
As would grace a paradise.

Loved by all, both young and aged,
Sought by all, both young and fair,
Through the valley free she wandered,
Free from guile and free from care :

'Till she met a handsome stranger
By the brooklet's grassy side,
Who, to win the artless maiden,
Promised she should be his bride.

Told her that he dearly loved her,
Pressed a kiss upon her brow,
Vowed he never would forsake her,
Called on heaven to hear his vow.

Gazed into her eyes so tender,—
Eyes so bright, so dark and blue—
Shaded by her glossy ringlets,
Amber locks of golden hue.

Thus he lured her from her duty,
Gained her confidence and love,
First betrayed and then forsook her—
False and treacherous did prove.

Did she then receive the pity
Due a creature so forlorn?
No; her former friends forsook her
As a thing beneath their scorn.

Sad and lonely then she wandered,
Striving to conceal her shame,
From her home and from her kindred,
Till she to the river came.

Paused a moment on its border ;
 Raised her hands to God and cried ;
Plunged beneath the angry water—
 Thus the frail young creature died.

But the stranger, her destroyer,
 “What became of him?” you ask ;
“Was he shunned by other women ?
 Did they tear from him his mask ?”

No ; they flattered and caressed him,
 Sought by every artful wile,
Him to please and him to fondle—
 From him win a hollow smile.

And he stands, beloved and honored,
By the women of our land,
Half of whom would wed the villain,
Gladly give both heart and hand.

UNDER THE DAISIES.

Under the daisies our Addie lies sleeping,
Wrapped in her snowy shroud ;
While we for our darling in anguish are
weeping,
Our star has passed under a cloud.
But Faith, that bright angel, the cloud will
remove,
And our star a new crown will be given ;
And we shall again meet our wee little dove,
Full fledged, with the angels in heaven.

THE FAR-OFF LAND.

I AM told there's a place in a far-off land,
Where the mourner will grieve no more ;
Where love, joy and pity walk hand in
hand,

And smile on that beautiful shore ;
Where clouds never come to obscure the
blue sky,

Nor storms of contention appear ;
Where souls never hunger, never thirst,
never die,

And spring lasts the whole of the year.

Where the weak and oppressed shall stand
up with the strong,

And each be a peer of the realm ;
Where right ever triumphs, and nothing
 goes wrong,
Nor sorrows nor cares overwhelm.
I am told in that land our wants are sup-
 plied
Before they are ever expressed ;
That all this was done by one who has died,
That he might save all of the rest.

Oh where, tell me where are those blissful
 abodes?

And where is that beautiful shore,
Where the heart-stricken weary ones cast
 off their loads,

And sorrows o'ertake them no more?

Oh where, tell me where? Is it on that
bright star

Which illumines Queen Night's diadem?

Or on yonder pale orb, whose light from
afar,

Marks the place of that beautiful gem?

Or on yonder chaste moon, which looks
out from the clouds,

That now hang in the ether blue,

Some bright and some gloomy, some fleecy
like shrouds,

That are bleached by the morning dew ?
Or is it so far away off in dim space,
So far beyond sight, beyond sound,
That no mortal being can point out the
place
Where that lovely spot can be found ?

ON CRITICS.

When fools turn critics, banish idle fears,
An Ass is always known by length of ears.

THE BROKEN HARP.

THE minstrel's harp lies mute and still,
Its chords are all unstrung,
It heeds no more the minstrel's will,
But leaves his thoughts unsung.

Its silver tones in other days
Rang out upon the air,
Like Autumn sunset's golden rays,
As sweet as they are fair.

But now its notes are hushed and low,
Scarce heard above the breeze ;
Oh ! would that they once more might flow,
And murmur through the trees.

Awake! my cherished harp, awake!

And cheer my heart and brain,

No other sound can ever make

My pulse beat fast again.

But no, it ne'er will sound a trill,

Its music all has fled,

And tears will come my eyes to fill,

To think my sweet harp's dead.

Its voice, that thrilled my inmost soul

With its soft, soothing strain,

As o'er my heart its music stole,

Will ne'er be heard again.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOWS.

A YOUTHFUL maiden once I knew,
And she was wond'rous fair;
The rose's bloom was on her cheek,
And golden was her hair.

With ruby lips, inclosing pearls
So pure, so chaste and white;
And eyes more blue than summer skies,
Than diamonds far more bright.

Her voice was like the lute's soft notes,
So rich and sweet its tone,
A wand'ring seraph it mistook
For echoes of his own.

The Queen of Fairies proud would been,
Had she such tiny feet ;
And Juno might have envied her
A waist so trim and neat.

A bosom soft as eider down,
And white as Alpine snow ;
A swan-like neck and pretty chin,
Where dimples come and go.

All these were hers, and other charms,
I scarce one-half can tell ;
An houri would have blest her lot,
Had such unto her fell.

Such was the maid I fain would wed,
Such was my beauteous queen ;
All others fade before her charms,
Her peer I ne'er have seen.

But listen to my tale, fond youth,
A lesson learn from me ;
A maid may have a hollow heart,
However fair she be.

I asked her if she would be mine,
And share my humble cot ;
She answered, "Money is my God !"
And asked how much I'd got.

I told her that I then was poor,
Had neither house nor lands ;
But that I'd labor, night and day,
With strong and willing hands.

Again she answered, "Hold your tongue—
You fool, what do you think ?
That I'll have you, you silly dunce,
When John has got the chink ?

" 'Tis true that John is getting old,
His head is somewhat gray ;
But then he's got a splendid coach
To ride in every day.

“With you, if I should want a dress,
A bonnet, or a collar,
'Twould drain your purse of all its cash,
'Twould take your bottom dollar.

“And now you see the game is up,
You need come here no more ;
So here's your hat, likewise your gloves,
And yonder is the door.”



THE PHANTOM SHIP.

Away! away! o'er the breakers' foam,
Like a spirit lost she glides;
Not a sound is heard, nor an arm is stirred,
As she sails o'er the yielding tides.

'Tis a Phantom Ship, and a specter crew;
From an unknown port she sails;
She heeds not the rock, nor the lightning's
shock,
Nor the storm king's angry gales.

But on, still on, o'er the sea and o'er land,
The mystic ship now flies,
While the billows roll, and the wild winds
howl,
And lightnings rend the skies.

Her decks are filled with such ghastly forms
As no mortal man hath known ;
And a mist hangs o'er like a funeral pall,
And her sails are dimly shown.

The mariners gazed with speechless awe,
As the Phantom Ship swept by ;
And the sea gulls flew from the specter
crew,
And the petrel raised his cry.

The mariners knew the Phantom Ship,
'Twas a sign that their cruise was o'er,
And the stormy petrel sang their dirge,
As they sank to rise no more.

THE ROSE MALVINA GAVE TO ME.

IT was a rose in partial bloom,
As fair as any rose could be ;
And shed abroad its sweet perfume,
The rose Malvina gave to me.

She plucked it from its parent stem,
And held it up in mirthful glee—
'Twould grace a monarch's diadem,
The rose Malvina gave to me.

No other flower with it could vie,
No land nor clime beyond the sea,
Can boast a rose of fairer dye
Than that Malvina gave to me.

I've cherished it till years have flown,
And flowers have dotted many a lea ;
But I have only eyes for one--
The rose Malvina gave to me.

It now from prying eyes lies hid
Beneath a weeping willow tree,
All faded, and its beauty fled—
The rose Malvina gave to me.

I would not with the relic part—
Though others can no beauty see--
But press it closer to my heart,
The rose Malvina gave to me.

It was the queen of all the flowers,
And shed its perfume far and free ;
But oh ! it had such *cruel thorns*,
The rose Malvina gave to me.

SETTLING THE QUESTION.

He was young, and she was merry,
Gay as any sprite or fairy ;
He to her said, "Let us marry,
And henceforth be one."
List'ning to his earnest pleading,
And her own heart's wishes heeding,
She replied, "Yourself I'm needing,
Let thy will be done."

THE BLACKSMITH.

WRITTEN BY REQUEST OF A LADY.

A BLACKSMITH stood by his anvil bright,
And his sledge on his anvil rang,
While he sang a song of a gallant knight,
And these were the words he sung:

“My boat is on the shore, love,
I’ll launch it on the morrow,
Then wilt thou go with me, love,
And cast away all sorrow?

“My boat is light, my oars are bright,
The winds are gently blowing ;
The moon will smile on us to-night,
While o’er the tide we’re rowing.

“We’ll shun the city’s dust and din,
And hie us to the river ;
Then should I but one favor win,
I sure will bless the giver.

“So wilt thou go with me, love,
And cast away all sorrow,
And ride within my bonny boat
Upon the waves to-morrow ?”

A lady heard what the blacksmith sung,
As his blows on the anvil fell,
When his pond’rous sledge o’er his head he
swung,
And the words she liked full well.

Then answered, "Yes, I will go with you,
And I'll ride in your bonny boat ;
And we'll sing of the knight and his lady
true,
As over the waves we float.

"And when the morn, with its silver light,
Smiles down through the ether blue,
I'll fancy you are the gallant knight,
That I am the lady true."



LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

While you strive for fame and honor,

Let this motto be your guide :

“Wisdom’s mantle scarce can cover,

Scarce the faults of Folly hide.”

TO KATIE.

Little maiden, blythe and gay,

Traveling on life’s rugged way,

This stern lesson you should know,

There will be *briars* where *berries* grow.

ULYSSES THE SILENT.

ALL hail! to the hero whom nations adore,
Whose fame, like the wind, reaches every shore ;

Whose name is now spoken by every
tongue,

By statesmen admired, by bards sweetly
sung ;

Untainted his honor by envy's mad wave,
All hail to Ulysses! the Silent, the
Brave !

When the dark clouds of war gathered
thick in the South,

And our brave boys were facing the can-
non's red mouth,

His voice gave command, and the iron hail
rained,

Till the ground was thick strewn with the
wounded and slain,

And the foemen shrank back while our
boys a shout gave

For Ulysses the Silent, Ulysses the Brave !

On the red field of Shiloh, when all stood
aghast,

And loud roared the battle, as shot whistled
past,

Undaunted he stood, while death filled the
air

With the groans of the dying, and wails of
despair ;

But sad was the heart, thus powerless to
save —

The heart of Ulysses, the Silent, the
Brave !

But when war was done, and peace came
once more,

To spread her broad wings o'er Columbia's
shore,

Her banner unfolded, her features made
bare,

Then shouts from the millions rang out on
the air :

“Ulysses, your wisdom in counsel we
crave,
Ulysses, our Chieftain ! the Silent, the
Brave !”

The Chief heard the call sweeping on o’er
the land,

The vessel of State with true patriots
manned,

And for eight blissful years our country
was blessed,

From wrong and oppression each section
had rest,

And the prayers of each freedman, who
 once was a slave,
 Went up for Ulysses, the Silent, the
 Brave !

The laurel-crowned hero, grown weary
 with care,
 Then laid down the burden for others to
 bear,
 And a guest of all nations since then he
 has been,
 Both courted and honored where'er he is
 seen,
 And Fame sounds her trumpet o'er ocean's
 broad wave—

“All hail to Ulysses! the Silent, the
Brave!”

But hark! there's a call from the millions
once more:

“Come back! oh, come back to your own
native shore;

Take the helm of the State, guide us safe
from all harms,

As the fond mother shields the sweet babe
in her arms.”

Then as tear-drops, fast falling, our manly
cheeks lave,

We will welcome Ulysses, the Silent, the
Brave!

IN MEMORIUM.

WEEP, weep, and mourn, Columbia, thy
brightest star hath fallen,

Death entered in the night, and no arm
was there to save ;

His work with us is ended, from earth he
hath been callen,

No more will mortals greet him, he rests
within his grave.

Long, long shall we remember, and mourn-
fully deplore him,

The hero and the statesman, Columbia's
loyal son ;

His name we'll write with heroes who have
 passed away before him,
Such as Lincoln, Clay and Webster, and
 Paine and Washington.

His name will shine forever on history's
 brightest pages,
Or enshrined in golden letters on the
 temple of high fame;
And our sons will look with pleasure, in all
 the coming ages,
And point with exultation to our Chand-
 ler's glorious name.







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